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PASTORAL BALLAD

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In Four Parts :

ADMIRATION,
HOPE,
DISAPPOINTMENT,
SUCCESS.

*There swims no goose so gray, but soon or late,
She finds some honest gander for her mate.*

POPE.

Printed and sold for T. LONGMAN, in *Pater-noster-Row*, LONDON, and by
other Booksellers in *Town and Country*.

M,DCC,LXXIV.

[Price ONE SHILLING.]

PASTORAL BALLAD

In Four Parts

SUCCESS
DISAPPOINTMENT.
HOPE.
ADMIRATION.



There seems no doubt to exist, and seen to late
the book from being given for her name.

Printed and sold for T. LONDON, in Pall-mall, near St. James's, and by
other Booksellers in Great and Little Britain.

GENTLE READER,

I F thou art a Critic of very fine taste, do not read the following trifle : thou wilt reject it with disdain on account of the liberties taken with the most beautiful pastoral in our language, tho' it be not in the power of this writer to lessen the merit of that elegant performance, if he were indeed so vitiously inclined.

Art thou of a risible disposition ? Indulge thy humour, and shake thy sides with him : but, if thou art averse to that wholesome exercise, and art proud of a different twist of features (for which life will give thee ample occasion) gratify thy spleen, think such a writer's folly contemptible, and thy own wisdom an object of envy.

THE FIRST PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been mentioned in the history of the life of Samuel Johnson, taken from the original manuscript, and arranged in alphabetical order. The names are given in full, and the dates of their birth and death are also given, where known.

1. Adam Smith, 1723-1790, Scottish philosopher, economist, and moral theorist.
2. Adam Sedgwick, 1768-1837, English geologist and mineralogist.
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PASTORAL BALLAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

A certain Shepherdess (ycleped MARGARET TIMBERTOE) had the misfortune to be born without the sense of hearing, and was consequently dumb; she had likewise by accident lost the entire use of one leg and one eye. In other respects she was not without some very powerful attractions, at least in the eye of a neighbouring Shepherd, (by name PHELM O GIMLET) who, being in the same situation as to the two latter particulars, became enamoured of the Nymph, and thus he spake his passion:

ADMIRATION.

DE V I L burn 'em ---- these wits are jack-asses!
Tumble down their vile books from my shelves!
They goddesſes make of their lasses,
And simpletons make of themselves.

B

Away

Away with their nonsense, away! —

MOGGY TIMBERTOE let me endite,
Whose eye is as bright as the day,
And whose tongue is as still as the night.

With storms should the elements crack,
How fearless is virtue the while!

Let the brave be dismay'd at the smack;

Her face wears an ever-green smile.

So gracefully PHYLLIDA moves,

So lightly she trips o'er the ground,

Each shepherd, that looks at her, loves;

Each shepherdess envies the wound.

But how wou'd the blunderers stare

To see little TIMBERTOE run!

Or, how wou'd Miss PHYLLIDA bear

To foot it for ever on one!

I knew that her fortune was noble,

I was smit with her presence behind;

And, blest with a similar hobble,

I wrote her a piece of my mind.

" I have seen a complexion as fair,

" JENNY TWINKLE has one eye as fine;

" But where shall we meet with a pair,

" So bright as that twinkler of thine?

" My passion in vain I wou'd stifle,

" Like a cinder I'm burnt black and blue;

" Nor can I be cur'd by a trifle,

" Unless I've that trifle from You.

" We have two pretty legs here between us,

" And a very complete pair of eyes;

" The folk that on one side have seen us,

" Have seen nothing there to despise.

" It

HOPE

" It is not your cottage I want,

" 'Gainst an old oak's broad body reclin'd,

" With a wide-gaping window in front,

" And a snug little peep-hole behind.

" It is not the smell of your kitchen,

" Where plenty and cleanliness please,

" With a whole ham and half of a fitch, in

" Reserve for potatoes and peas.

" It is not your mare to ride double,

" Bereft like ourselves of one eye;

" No, nor twenty fat geese on the stubble,

" Nor a sow and nine pigs in the sty.

" It is not dear Moggy your purse,

" But your person I PHELM adore;

" And I'll take you for better for worse,

" Will any man take you for more?"

HOPE.

H O P E.

KIND nature had thrown off the load,
 Which in winter she commonly bore;
 And the fun jogg'd along the same road,
 He had travell'd some thousand times o'er.

Mother earth had put on her new clothes,
 'Twas (in English) the sweet month of May;
 When love led me forth by the nose,
 Where dear MOGGY TIMBERTOE lay:

On the marge of a river reclin'd,
 I trembled to see her asleep;
 Left she wake on the side that was blind,
 And roll adown into the deep.

Young Zephyr play'd roguishly by,
 And whistled quite up to her knee;
 I respectfully shut my one eye,
 And the devil a bit did I see.

Thrice I roar'd out, ---- "arise, pretty maid!"
 But she could not have heard the last trump;
 Yet thrice to get up she essay'd,
 And thrice she fell down again plump.

Then quick to assist her I went,
 She was pleas'd my affection to see;
 Her single eye shone with content,
 And doubly it shone upon me.

She drew from her bosom my letter,
 Love drew from his quiver a dart;
 Ah, thought I, she can't have a better
 To trip up the heels of her heart.

She

She smil'd when I kiss'd her dear hand:

Do your pleasure --- as much as to say;

Yet so sweetly she bids me command,

By my faith that she makes me obey.

Oh, what pleasure to see her lips jabber

About something, that nobody knows!

And their taste is just like bonny-clabber

With 'tatoes bobbing up to one's nose.

Ye scenes of nonsensical noise,

Where often with pleasure I strove;

I fly from your bumpkinly joys

To the bosom of beauty and love.

No longer the cudgel I wield;

The glories of wrestling I shun:

Ye shepherds, the cob of the field

Is content with the fame, he has won.

Gentle

Gentle hope, like an owl on her nest,

Stretch over my soul thy soft wing!

And the raptures, that can't be express'd,

Get up, little GIMLET, and sing.

Oh, what pleasure to see her lips
About something that nobody knows
And their taste is just like honey-clabber
With fatness bobbing up to one's nose

Ye founts of non-sensical noise,
Whose often with pleasure
I fly from your bankruptcy
To the bottom of beauty and love

No longer the cudgel I wield;
The glories of wrestling I disdain
Ye lads of the cop on the field, **DIS-**

Gentle

DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE clouds of a dirt-colour die,
 Besmut the bright face of the sun!
 And let not the moon's silver eye
 Make game of a lover undone!

Brown, brown be the earth, and ye floods
 Tumble back your rude streams, or lie still!
 Ye beasts of the field to the woods!
 Ye feather'd fowls fly where you will!

Plague take it ---- this love's a vile passion!
 'Tis not worth an honest man's care;
 It begins with a world of vexation;
 It ends in disgust or despair.

D

These

These girls are so full of vagary,

One never knows when they are right ;

They'll lead you a dance, till you're weary,

Then marry another in spite.

I pity those poor honest fellows,

Tied fast to their aprons for life ;

They first give 'em cause to be jealous,

Then ---- "*Dare you suspect your own wife?*"

I thought, I'd secur'd my dear Moggy,

As safe as a thief in a mill ;

But I'm popt in a hole that is boggy,

And there I may lie if I will.

I found out a gift for my las,

I found out the maker at YORK ;

'Twas an eye neatly fashion'd of glafs,

'Twas a leg nicely finish'd of cork.

" Special

" Special good are the members I bring,"

Said I, and (to please her the more)

" My dear, you will find 'em the thing ;

" For I tried, and I prov'd 'em before.

" Look here, my sweet creature to grace

" How charming this eye-ball doth shine ;

" It will give a new bloom to your face ;

" See, its fellow illuminates mine.

" Here's a limb ! Your acceptance I beg,

" Oh, 'tis better than that log of wood ;

" 'Tis a brother to this little peg,"

And I caper'd as high as I cou'd.

How false are the pleasures we know !

How severe is the pang of disgrace !

When I offer'd them both, and bow'd low ;

Why, she gave me a kick in the face.

Dif-

Disappointment so blinded mine eye,
 So confus'd the fine things I'd to say,
 That my path I cou'd hardly espy,
 As in dudgeon I hobbled away.

"Look here, my sweet creature to grace
 How charming this eye-ball doth shine;
 It will give a new bloom to your face;
 See, its fellow illuminates mine."
 "Here's a limb! Your acceptance I beg
 Oh, tis better than that log of wood
 'Tis a brother to little peg,
 And I caper'd as high as I cou'd.

How false are the pleasures we know!
 How severe is the pang of disgust!
 How danc'd them both, and bow'd low;
 Why, she gave me a kick in the nose.

S U C C E S S.

TH E R E be lovers of life so profuse,
 If a mistress but happen to frown,
 That will give their wife heads to a noose,
 Or will take to the water, and drown.

Now, why shou'd we quarrel with life,
 Since life is at best but a span?
 Is the loss of a termagant wife
 Such an horrid misfortune to man?

A termagant wife is the Dee'l;
 And can Moggy a termagant prove?
 Her foot to be sure made me reel,
 But perhaps 'twas a proof of her love.

E

Ah,

Ah, PHELM, (said I to myself)

Why will not thy vanity see,

That a lady possesst of such pelf,

May buy a much better than thee!

Then I call'd myself dastardly devil,

And thought upon all I'd been told;

How that beauty despises a *SNIVEL,

And yields to the touch of the bold.

He's a knave and a noddy to boot,

That's abash'd, when a maiden says---nay;

And hastily gives up his suit,

Because he can't have his own way.

I knew that the gifts wou'd allure,

And I follow'd the issue to see;

But scarce had I gone from the door,

Little Moggv came hopping to me.

On

* Poetically abbreviated for Sniveller, a weak lamenter.

On her lips I imprinted a kifs,
 And another intended ---- but Oh!
 She caught fuch a foretafte of blifs,
 That fhe quak'd from her top to her toe.

I fear'd, that an ague had feiz'd her,
 Her colour fo went and fo came;
 But foon I perceiv'd, that it pleas'd her,
 And pleas'd, I repeated the fame.

Toward church I obferv'd her eye fquint,
 Certain proof that fhe meant to be kind;
 So I quickly improv'd on the hint,
 And I filently told her my mind:

But when her compliance I gueft,
 I thought that my heart wou'd run wild:
 By Saint PATRICK, it bumpt in my breaft
 Like the kicks of a never-born child.

To

To the Parson I artfully stray'd,
 Who knew our perfections to scan;
 He vow'd, so accomplish'd a maid
 Never wedded to finish'd a man.

He declar'd, we were form'd for delight,
 Tho' (to give honest Love his due)
 Time and stings of love bother'd his sight,
 That he scarce knew a P from a Q.

He bless'd us, again and again,
 In hopes I would double his pay;
 But, before the Clerk muffled *Amen*,
 We hopt like two magpies away.

+ bothered — a very useful provincial expression, implying (as Dr. Johnson has, or ought to have explain'd it) that species of stupor; which, by abating the edge of the senses, gives such a pause to the intellects, as requires a woman for an excellent Grammarian or Lexicographer.

By Saint Patrick, it burst in my brain

Like the kick of a never-born child.

To

